POPE's

POEMS

WITH *thee, ſerene* PHILOSOPHY, *with thee,*
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' enobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.

TUTOR'D *by thee, hence* POETRY *exalts*
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

THOMSON.

A

COLLECTION

OF

ESSAYS,

EPISTLES

AND

ODES.

ESSAY ON MAN.
EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.
ELOISA TO ABELARD.
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.
MESSIAH. A SACRED ECLOGUE.
THE TEMPLE OF FAME.
ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.
ODE ON SOLITUDE.
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.
THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ;

LONDON,

Printed for J. JAMES, in NEW-BOND STREET,
MDCCLXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
MAY

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

In FOUR EPISTLES.

BY

Alexander Pope Esq.

LONDON:
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THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to mens buſineſs and boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *man* in the abſtract, his *nature* and his *ſtate*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even ryhme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo

written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandring from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

ESSAY on MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF man *in the abſtract.* — I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, ver. 17, etc. II. *That man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown*, ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aim-*

ing at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of man's error and miſery. The impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſe a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire,* ver. 250 X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to providence both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate. ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 63

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſc'ous ſhoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of man what ſee we, but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,

Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What varied being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are:
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Preſumptuous man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind!
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs!
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's ſatellites are leſs than JOVE?

Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full, or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, 'If God has plac'd him wrong!'

Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.

So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate.
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,

Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never is, but always to be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees god in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man alone ingroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th'eternal cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt almighty cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
"And what created perfect?" — Why then man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then nature deviates; and can man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a borgia, or a catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd his mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own;
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not providence all good and wiſe;
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide?
And middle nature's, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.

Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER imperfection name;
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good.
And ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to himſelf, *as an individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* middle nature: *his powers and frailties*, ver. 1 to 19. *The limits of his* capacity, ver. 19, etc. II. *The two principles of man*, ſelf-love *and* reaſon, *both neceſſary*, ver. 53, etc. Self-love, *the ſtronger, and why*, ver. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, ver 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, ver. 93, to 130. *The* predominant paſſion, *and its force*, ver. 132 to 160. *Its neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes*, ver. 165, etc. *Its providential uſe, in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue*, ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeperate *and* evident: *What is the office of* reaſon, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* providence *and* general good *are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections*, ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* orders of men, ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to* ſociety, ver. 251. *And to the* individuals, ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume no God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the ſtoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where ſcience guides
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the ſun.
Go, teach eternal wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an ape.

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.

Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct but what is vanity or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all

And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all good; to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing ballance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend;
Attention habit and experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtil ſchool-men teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite,
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit:
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire:

But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all;
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her cares;
Thoſe, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let ſtoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:

The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

PLEASURES are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the organs or the frame;
And hence one maſter-paſſion in the breaſt,
Like AARON's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.

We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road muſt ever be preſer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſeveral men impels to ſeveral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.

Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!

See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd
Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reign a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;

Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zemble, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,

Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſions ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy,
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, tho' man's a fool GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to ſociety.

I. *THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety*, ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, ver. 27. *The happineſs of* animals *mutual*, ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each individual*, ver. 79, Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alſo to ſociety in all animals*, ver. 109. III. *How far* ſociety *carried by inſtinct*, ver. 115. *How much farther by reaſon*, ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* ſtate of nature, ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of* arts, ver. 166, *and in the forms of* ſociety, ver. 176. V. *Origin of political ſocieties*, ver. 196. *Origin of monarchy*, ver. 207. *Patriarchal government*, ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle, of love*, ver. 231, etc. *Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle, of fear*, ver. 237. etc. *The influence of ſelf-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *good*, ver. 266. *Reſtoration of true religion and government on their firſt principle*, ver. 285. *Mixt government*, ver. 288. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, ver. 300, etc.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;

All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtraws the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove!
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beſides?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit!
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;

Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets it proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor end the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:

The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'ns attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer ſavage, man.

See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake —
" Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

" In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
" And right to rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as God ador'd."

V. Great nature ſpoke; obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe,
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.

'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt and that conqueſt, law;
'Till ſuperſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She, 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood!
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard, what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:

Taught pow'rs due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.

For forms of government, let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope, the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bleſs mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul;
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to happineſs.

I. *FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all.* ver. 30. *God intends happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* order, *and the peace and welfare of* ſociety, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of happineſs among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two paſſions of* hope *and* fear, ver. 70. III. *What the happineſs of* individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* virtue *what are only the calamities of* nature, *or of* fortune, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that who ever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133. etc. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper*

rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of virtue, ver. 167. *That even thoſe can make no man happy without virtue: Inſtanced in* riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in men poſſeſſed of them all*, ver. 269, etc. VII. *That* virtue only *conſtitutes a happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 309, etc. *That the* perfection *of* virtue *and* happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* reſignation *to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, etc.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Aſk of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind,
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various paſſions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.

Remember, man, "the univerſal cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandid fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare: and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain,

Order is heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe:
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?

If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health peace, and competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone?
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all the advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeiles' good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' eternal cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?

When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want health, the good want

"pow'r"

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r! why private? why no
"king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good or juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can enoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where, but a mong the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the points agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villian's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preheminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things they envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.

Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſee-weed as proud Venice roſe?
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd holes invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;

And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puniſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence:

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſman, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;

For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

The Univerſal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let be bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

FINIS.

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Ex ſermone opus eſt, modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ:
Interdum Urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto——

HOR.

CONTENTS.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

THAT for this knowledge it is not ſufficient to conſider man in the abſtract: books will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own obſervation, ſingly, verſ. 1. General maxims, unleſs they be formed upon both, will be but notional, 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf, 15. The further difficulty of ſeperating and fixing this, ariſing from our own paſſions, fancies, faculties, &c. 23. The ſhortneſs of life, to obſerve in; and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to obſerve by, 29. Our own principle of action often hid from ourſelves, 41. No judging of the motives from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the ſame motives influencing contrary actions, 51 to 70. Yet to form characters, we can only take the ſtrongeſt actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itſelf, and from policy, 71. Characters given according to the rank of men in the world, and ſome reaſon for it, 87. Education alters the nature or at leaſt character of many, 101. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or

nconſiſtent, 122. The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſeaſons, 130. Unimaginable weakneſs in the greateſt, 140. Nothing conſtant and certain but GOD and NATURE. Of man we cannot judge, by his nature, his actions, his paſſions, his opinions, his manners, humours, or principles, all ſubject to change, 160, &c. It only remains to find, if we can, his ruling paſſion: that will certainly influence all the reſt, and only can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of his actions, 176. Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, 181. A caution againſt miſtaking ſecond qualities for firſt, which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind, 212. Examples of the ſtrength of the ruling paſſion, and its continuation to the laſt breath, 224, &c.

EPISTLE II.

Of the characters of WOMEN.

To a LADY.

OF the characters of women, conſidered only as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other ſex; that theſe are yet more inconſiſtent and incomprehenſible than thoſe of men, of which inſtances are given even from ſuch characters as are plaineſt, and moſt ſtrongly marked; as in the affected, verſ. 7, &c. The ſoft-natured, 29. The cunning, 45. The whimſical, 50. The wits and refiners, 69. The ſtupid and ſilly, 80. How contrarieties run thro' them all.

But tho' the particular characters of this ſex are more various than thoſe of men, the general characteriſtic, as to the ruling paſſion, is more uniform and confined. In what that lies, and whence it proceeds,

109. Men are beſt known in public life, women in private, 110. What are the aims, and the fate of the ſex, both as to power and pleaſure, 121, 133, &c. Advice for their true intereſt, 151. The picture of an eſtimable woman, made up of the beſt kind of contrarieties, 171, &c.

EPISTLE III.

Of the uſe of RICHES.

To ALLAN Lord BATHURST.

THE true uſe of Riches known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profuſion, verſ 1, &c. The point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of money was more commodious or pernicious to mankind? 21—28. Riches can ſcarce afford neceſſaries either to the avaritious or prodigal, much leſs any happineſs, 81, &c. It is never for their own families, or for the poor, that miſers covet wealth, but a direct phrenzy without an end or purpoſe, 100. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, 152. That it can only be accounted for by the order of providence, which works general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, 153—178. A picture of a miſer acting upon principles which appear to him reaſonable, 179. Another of a prodigal acting on the contrary principles which ſeem to him equally right, 199. The due medium and true uſe of riches, 219—248. The character and praiſes of the man of Roſs, 250. The fate of the covetous and of the profuſe, in two examples, 298—315. That both are miſerable, in life and in death. The tale of Sir Balaam, the degrees of corruption by riches, and the conſequences, 339. &c.

EPISTLE IV.

——To Richard Earl of Burlington.

THE extremes of avarice and profuſion being treated of in the foregoing epiſtle, this takes up one particular branch of the latter; the vanity of expence in people of wealth and quality. The abuſe of the word taſte, verſ. 13. That the firſt principle and foundation, in this, as in every thing elſe, is good ſenſe, 40. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Inſtanced in architecture and gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the genius and uſe of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, 50. How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt examples and rules will but be perverted into ſomething burdenſome or ridiculous, 65—90. A deſcription of the falſe taſte of magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is, to imagine that greatneſs conſiſts in the ſize and dimenſion, inſtead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, 93; and the ſecond, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely reſembling, or in the repitition of the ſame too frequently, 103. A word or two of falſe taſte in books, in muſic, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and laſtly in entertainments, 125. Yet providence is juſtified in giving wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, 161, (recurring to what is laid down in the firſt book, ep. ii. and in the epiſtle preceeding this, v. 165.) What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expence of great men, 169. And finally, the great and public works which become a prince, 187 to the end.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns, he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from notions, theſe from gueſs.
There's ſome peculiar in each leaf and grain;
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of mind, as moſs.

That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add nature's, cuſtom's, reaſon's, paſſion's, ſtrife,
And all opinion's colours caſt on life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our paſſions ſhown,
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
Life's ſtream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way,
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take:
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That inſtant, 'tis his principle no more;
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.

Oft, in the paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho'paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of all we do.
Invain the grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from the apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and ſhow
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do,

Behold! if fortune, or a miſtreſs frowns
Some plunge in buſ'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight
This quits an empire, that embroils a ſtate:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions ſhew the man: we find,
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind;
Perhaps proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
Perhaps the wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt;
Not therefore humble, he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.

Ask why from Britain, Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action, conduct, one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn;
A judge is juſt, a chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A gownman learn'd; a biſhop what you will:

Wiſe, if a miniſter; but if a king,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Borne where heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, (the ſoil the virtues like)
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike,
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger efforts of his pow'r,
And always ſet the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the vulgar mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a ſquire;
The next a tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a ſcriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A quaker? ſly; a preſbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart free-thinker? all things in an hour.

True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe they're hid from none:
(So darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from his hole.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves,
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' endearments of Courtine?
While one there is, who charms us with his ſpleen.

But theſe plain characters we rarely find,
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind.
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole,
Or affectation, quite reverſe the ſoul

The dull, flat falſhood leaves for policy,
And in the cunning, truth itſelf's a lye.
Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wiſe,
The fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man, in vigour in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out:
Early at his bus'neſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox chace, wiſe at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at aHckney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave;
Save juſt at dinner------then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'ſon to a ſaint without.
Who would not praiſe Patrico's high deſert;
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head; all int reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bett.
TRIUMPHANT leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.
What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden ſaint revere?
A god-leſs regent tremble at a ſtar?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?
Europe, a woman, child, or dotard rule;
And juſt her ableſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and nature only are the ſame:
In man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game.
A bird of paſſage, loſt as ſoon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground!

Aſk mens opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his penſion by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

Manners with fortunes, humours change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? thoſe uncertainty divides:
By paſſions? theſe diſſimulation hides:
Affections? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?

'Tis in the ruling paſſion: there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſembers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt;
The proſpect clears, and Clodio ſtands confeſt.
Clodio, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the luſt of praiſe;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and fools muſt like him, or he dies.
Tho' wond'ring ſenates hung on all he ſpoke,
The club muſt hail him, maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully, and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt:
His paſſion, ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;

A conſtant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel-tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife, his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate!
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!
Aſk you why Clodio broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves ſhould call him fool.
Nature well known, no miracles remain;
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet in the ſearch the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take:
When Cataline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the luſt, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends: ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chaſtity, at praiſe:
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil.
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion, man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand:
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt nature ends as ſhe begins.
Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſons that paſs him by unbleſs'd!
Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.

A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
Is there no hope? alas! then bring the jowl!
" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And, Betty! give this cheek a little red."
Old politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in buſ'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesb'row, dancing in the gout.
The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, ſir."
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
" And ſigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, ſir? " My money, ſir? what all!
" Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, ſir! " The mannor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt,
" O ſave my country, heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

NOthing ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt women have no characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view.
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's counteſs, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there paſtora by a fountain ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
Is there, a naked leda with a ſwan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If folly grows romantic, I muſt paint it?
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Chuſe a firm cloud before it fall, and in it,
Catch, e'er ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a ſpark.
Agree as ill, with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sapho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sapho, at her toilet's greazy taſk,
An iſſuing flagrant to an evening maſk:
So morning inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend,
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! you tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure, Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee——a pimple on her noſe,
Papallia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies like variegated tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Such happy ſpots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypſo once our hearts alarm'd;
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes,
Leſs wit than mimic, more a wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo pure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerable mild,
To make a waſh would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at eaſter, in a chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame!
Now deep in Taylor, and the book of martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres.

Now conſcience chills her, and now paſſion burns;
And atheiſm and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good chriſtian at her heart.
See ſin in ſtate, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a peereſs, prouder as a punk;
Chaſte to her huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with poets thro' pure love of wit,
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Heluo, late dictator of the feaſt,
The noſe of hautgout, and the tip of taſte,
Critick'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet one plain pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft paſſion, and the taſte refin'd,
Th' addreſs, the delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray,
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her ſtars to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe fool! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe,
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No aſs ſo meek, no aſs ſo obſtinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of friends:
Or her, whoſe life the church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a paſſion or a pray'r:
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit,
For true no meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all womankind!
Who with herſelf, or others from her birth
Finds all her life one warefare upon earth;
Shines, in expoſing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and redicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the world has been her trade,
The wiſeſt fool much time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No paſſion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the fury ſtill out ran the wit,
The pleaſure miſs'd her, and the ſcandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her hate than gratitude:
To that each paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it make her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curſe!
But an inferior not dependant? worſe.

Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—then the buſt
And temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning and his will a cheat,
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By ſpirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends
By wealth of follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf, thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.
Pictures like theſe, dear madam, to deſign,
Aſk no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit them right;
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Cloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say what can Cloe want!"—ſhe wants a heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts, juſt as ſhe ought.
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, heav'n! a favour or a debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.

Safe is your ſecret ſtill in in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Cloe is prudent—would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.

One certain portrait may, I grant, be ſeen,
Which heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a queen:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With truth and goodneſs, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And ſhow their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
The robe of quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what parts of nature it conceals;
Th' exacteſt traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From peer or biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God and king:
Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
From honeſt mah'met, or plain parſon Hale.

But grant, in public, men ſometimes are ſhown,
A woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 'tis you hide;
There none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your ſhame or pride,
Weakneſs or delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a virtue or a vice.
In men, we various ruling paſſions find,
In women, two almoſt divide the kind;

Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of pleaſures, and the love of ſway.
That, nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is ſtill to pleaſe, can pleaſure ſeem a fault;
Experience this: by man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to bus'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, ſome to quiet, ſome to public ſtrife,
But every lady would be queen! for life.
Yet mark the ſet of a whole ſex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam:
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone:
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt.
At laſt, to follies youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend:
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold ſabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry miſerable night;
Still round and round the ghoſts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards?
A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards,

Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend,
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign,
To raiſe the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the ſun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the moon's more ſober light,
Serene in virgin modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She, who can love a ſiſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er anſwers till a huſband cools.
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;

Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can,
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a ſofter man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of pleaſure, our deſire of reſt,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taſte of follies, with our ſcorn of fools.
Reſerve with frankneſs, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with ſoftneſs, modeſty with pride,
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——You.

Be this a woman's fame: With this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the year,)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parent's ſimple pray'r,
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your ſex a tyrant o'er itſelf:
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens ſpirits as he ripens mines,
Kept droſs for ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable

Allan Lord Bathurst.

WHO ſhall decide, when doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the ſtanding jeſt of heav'n,
And gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its ſire the ſun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owing, riches in effect
No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
What nature wants, commodius gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to luxury, extends to luſt;
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark aſſaſſin hires:

Trade it may help, ſociety extend;
But lures the pyrate, and corrupts the friend:
It raiſes armies in a nation's aid;
But bribes a ſenate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the patriots cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea ſpake,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew;
" Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit? laſt and beſt ſupply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket ſtates, can fetch or carry kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off ſenates to a diſtant ſhore;
A leaf like Sybil's, ſcatter to and fro'
Our fates and fortunes as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and ſquires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
" Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
" Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could profuſion ſquander all, in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe ſir Morgan might we meet,
And worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,

Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mein ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to the antient games,
Fair courſers, vaſes, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxurio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? ſay? why take it, gold and all.
What riches give us, let us then require;
Meat, fire, and cloaths, what more? meat, cloaths, and fire,
Is this too little; would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, noſe and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embrod'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a friend:
Or find ſome doctor that would ſave the life,
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat:
To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a baſtard, or a ſon they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave ſir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"GOD cannot love (ſays Blunt with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies;
But the good biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, providence's care.
Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does not hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, mere charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some war, ſome plague, or famine they forſee,
Some revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in ſouth-ſea year?
To live on ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole auction buys;
Phryne forſees a general exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sapho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the world's reſpect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be ſold
Glorious ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt gage.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:

" At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the ſun;
" Stateſman and patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and buttler ſhare alike the box,
" And judges job, and biſhops bite the town.
" And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of Ann's and Edward's arms?"
'Twas no court bage, great ſcriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſy we can frame,
Than ev'n that paſſion, if it has no aim;
For tho' ſuch motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis heaven each paſſion ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th'eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly,

Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the poor;
This year a reſervior, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a fountain, ſpouting thro' his heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than bramins, ſaints, and ſages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from providence?
Like ſome lone chartreux ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafted roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noon tide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wand'rers the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his ſon, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin fortunes, then to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious ſquire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;

Is GEORGE and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his country's love, he ſells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands and burns a pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain that pays her patriots with her ſpoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs country leaves him to her laws.
The ſenſe to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly. nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with oeconomy, magnificence;
With ſplendor, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean ſelf-love.
To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergreaſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.
Who ſtarves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that truſts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer or buffoon?
Whoſe table, wit, or modeſt merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a gameſter, pimp, or play'r?

Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh fortune, gild the ſcene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, engliſh bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And honour linger e'er it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt muſe! and ſing the Man of Roſs
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds
And rapid Severn, hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods your mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns roaſt,
Or proud in falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain,
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught the heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The Man of Roſs," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
Behold yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives,
Is there a varience? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums at that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

Of debts, and taxes, Wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five-hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a church to GOD, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring GOD's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings wealth to life can lend!
And ſee what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clivden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd ſtateſmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame: this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.

His grace's fate ſage Cuttler could forſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "live like me,"
As well, his grace reply'd, "like you ſir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cuttler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cuttler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd.
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound,
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cuttler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are you but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—Agreed.
Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;
There dwelt a citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the lord's;
Conſtant at church and change; his gains were ſure;
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old,

But ſatan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore,
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes,
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold ſir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a bleſſing, now was wit,
And GOD's good providence, a lucky hit,
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-houſe employ'd the ſunday-morn:
Seldom at church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one chriſtmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:

Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's ſenate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The court forſake him, and ſir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, ſatan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And ſad ſir Balaam curſes GOD and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON.

'TIS ſtrange the miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his pictures, muſic, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and deſigns,
For Pembroke, ſtatues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkiſh manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought ſir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto have a taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a guide:
A ſtanding ſermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall, my lord, your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;

Load ſome vain church with old theatric ſtate,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of pilaſter on't,
That lac'd with bits of ruſtic makes a front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
  Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful then expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'tis ſenſe:
Good ſenſe, which only is the gift of heaven,
And tho' no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven:
A light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terras or to ſink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide,
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.
  Conſult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry art the ſoul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, ſtrike from chance;
Nature ſhall join you; time ſhall make it grow
A work to wonder at——perhaps a STOW.

Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage ſet doctor Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil compleat:
His quincunx darkens, his eſpalier's meet;
The wood ſupports the plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet.
His ſon's fine taſte an op'ner viſta loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundleſs green, or flouriſh'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe alleys they were born to ſhade.

At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "what ſums are thrown away!"

So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but muſt laugh, the maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the northern wind,
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the wall!
No pleaſing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other,
The ſuff'ring eye inverted nature ſees,
Trees cut to ſtatues, ſtatues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a ſummer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus duſty urn,
My lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his ſtudy-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His ſtudy! with what authors is it ſtor'd;
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round:
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Suëil has bound.

Lo ſome are vellum, and the reſt as good
For all his lordſhip knows, but they are wood.
For Locke and Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance on a jig to heav'n.
On painted cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſpraul the ſaints of Virrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all paradiſe before your eye,
To reſt, the cuſhion and ſoft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call!
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-cover'd ſerpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A ſolemn ſacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there,
Between each act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the king.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden ear
Imbrown the ſlope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the ſoil?
Who plants like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis uſe alone that ſanctifies expence,
And ſplendor borrows all her rays from ſenſe.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increaſe;
Whoſe chearful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their LORD owe more than to their ſoil,
Whoſe ample lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing foreſts, not for pride to ſhow,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a country, and then raiſe a town,

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th'ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the GOD, aſcend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
Theſe honours, peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. Addison.

SEE the wild waſte of all devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with ſlaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That name, the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column, and the crumbling buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow reach from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps.
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps,
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;

A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
  The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, ſages, beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd:
And Curio reſtleſs by the fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
  Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine;
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her gods, and god-like heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
  Oh! when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the patriots honeſt face;
There warriors, frowning in hiſtoric braſs;
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;

With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
" Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muſe he lov'd."

EPISTLE VI.

To Dr. Arbuthnot

SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land,
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is ſacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n ſunday ſhines no ſabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme.
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a parſon, much be mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poeteſs, a ryhming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a ſtanza, when he ſhould engroſs?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe;
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)

What drop or noſtrum can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh where want of goodneſs and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head:
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it,"
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My friendſhip, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his grace,
"I want a patron: aſk him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, ſir 'twas when he knew no better,
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine,
Bleſs me! a packet—"'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A virgin tragedy, an orphans muſe!"
If I diſlike it, "furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "commend it to the ſtage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, "ſdeath I'll print it,
"And ſhame the fools——your int'reſt, ſir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, ſir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, "Do: and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a king)
His very miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name queens, miniſters, or kings;
Keep cloſe to ears, and theſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Cordrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtandſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a ſcribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer?
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one biſhop Philips ſeems a wit?

Still Sappho—hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe——One flatt'rer's worſe than all
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right.
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten-times worſe when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend:
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe ſubſcribe."
There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am ſhort,
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's noſe, and ſir! you have an eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd,
The muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my life,
To ſecond, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write;

Well natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,
And St. John's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books.
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From flaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpear's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they laugh, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt ſatire bade tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chaſe!
And ſwear not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike,
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato, give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe——
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more then thou, great George! a birth day ſong:
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.
Proud as Appollo on his forked hill,
State full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in ſong.
His library (were buſts of poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race.
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd every day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each gray gooſe-quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
So when a ſtateſman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay;
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blamleſs life the ſole return
My verſe, and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a miniſter my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift-indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt lampoon ſir Will, or Bufo makes.

Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my ſtyle?
Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er, it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
Give virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fallen worth, or beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a lie, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhow the ſenſe of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray.
Who to the dean, and ſilver-bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make ſatire a lampoon, and fiction lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—what? that thing of ſilk!
Sporus, that mere white curd of aſs's milk?
Satire, or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now ſtruts a lord,
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not fortune's worſhipper, nor faſhion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; be one poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
The flatt'ry ev'n to kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong,
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;

Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his ſov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the laſt!
But why inſult the poor, affront the great,
A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling ſcrib'ler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire:
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gains his prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded ſat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymn'd for Moore,
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lye.
To pleaſe a miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife;
Let Budgels charge low grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will:
Let the two Curls of town and court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue or in ſong.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in honour's cauſe,
While yet in BRITAIN honour had applauſe)

Each parent ſprung—what fortune, pray?—their own,
And better got, than Beſtia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no ſtrife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye,
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honeſt, by experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſs'd unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a queen.
Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to heav'n.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flouriſhed in the twelfth century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeperation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggle of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. P.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a veſtal's veins;
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—from Abelard it came,
And Eloiſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears.
In vain loſt Eloiſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains!
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters, trembling, I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief;
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th'all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray
Shone ſweetly lambient with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precepts fail to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.
How oft, when preſt to marriage have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all,
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee?
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:

All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart,
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloiſa? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain,
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes:
Full in my view ſet all thy bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſerts ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears,
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles and intermingled graves,

Black melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt, as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,——do all things but forget.

But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, nor rap'd; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th'unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away;
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more, I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow:
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloiſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn!
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul:

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye;
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n: diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee,
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace ſerene! oh virtue, heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!

See in her cell ſad Eloiſa ſpread!
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls,
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.

" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloiſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings;
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
" Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!
From the full choir when loud hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice;
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie;
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſūre if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
MAY

THE

RAPE

OF THE

LOCK.

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15
63
MAY

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos!
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—this verſe to CARYL, muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and he approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred lord t' aſſault a gentle belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
  Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught;
Of airy elves by moon-light ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then unnumber'd ſpirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;

15 MAY 63

Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their ſouls retire:
The ſprites of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up and take a ſalamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea,
The graver prude ſinks downward to a gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in ſylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome ſylph embrac'd:
For ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe,
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their ſylph, the wiſe celeſtials know,
Tho' honour is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And garters, ſtars, and coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, your grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Teach infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft when the world imagine women ſtray,
The ſylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the ſylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name,
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar,
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the ſylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man?
He ſaid; when ſhock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now unveil'd, the toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With hand uncover'd, the coſmetic pow'rs.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the ſylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waſt on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings,
Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye ſylphs and ſylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres: and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wandring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.

Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh throne.

Our humble province is to tend the fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows e'er they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hair,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow,

This day, black omens threat the brighteſt fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that ſhock muſt fall,
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock:
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of ſhock.

To fifty choſen ſylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alum ſty ics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs:
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſman oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes council take—and ſometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours, they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilette ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Deſcend, and ſit in each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For ſylphs yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

And parti-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let ſpades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy moors.
Spadillio firſt unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card,
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majeſty of ſpades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.
Sad chance of war, now deſtitute of aid,
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor ſpade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of ſpades.
The clubs black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only, graſps the globe?
The baron now his di'monds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.

Clubs, di'monds, hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſ-united fall.
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An ace of hearts ſteps forth: the king unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd.
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While china's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the fair an airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes,
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies in romance aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear and arm him for the fight,
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſtreams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thouſand ſp'rits repair,
A thouſand wings by turns blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought;
The cloſe receſſes of the virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' incloſe the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched ſylph too fondly interpos'd;

Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the ſylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich china-veſſels fall'n from high,
In glittering duſt, and painted fragments lie?
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from ſteel receives its date.
And monuments like men ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt the imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel,
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,

Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the ſylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of ſpleen.
Swift on his gloomy pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd: her boſom, with lampoons:
There affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, elyſiian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living tea-pots ſtand, on arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks,
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing ſpleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—hail wayward queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains;
But, oh! if e'er thy gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands and cry'd
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkies, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to ſir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"my lord, why, what the devil!
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil?
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—— nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this lock, this ſacred lock I ſwear,
Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew,
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread,
The long-contended honours of her head,
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then, ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court theſe eyes had never ſeen!

Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd;
O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taſte bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes that in deſarts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring china ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A ſylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what even thy rapine ſpares;
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauty's to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fixt the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa, graceful, wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coacnes croud the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the ſide-box from his inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chac'd old age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce?
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid:
What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage:
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſat to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the ſp'rits ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel nymph: a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance ſir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
The' expiring ſwan, and as he ſings he dies.

When bold ſir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the dou'ty hero ſlain,
But at her ſmile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up the hairs ſubſide.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes,
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:

Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grand-ſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal rings, which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind.
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Reſtore the lock! ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal ſhall be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar ſphere;
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there,
There heroes' wits are kept in pondrous vaſes,
And beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes.

There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtiers promiſes, and ſick mens pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the muſe——ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'n withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſt in view,)
A ſudden ſtar, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light,
The ſylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.
This the beaumonde ſhall from the mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th'egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the lock you loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This lock, the muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong,
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin ſhall conceive, a virgin bear a ſon!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Place o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.

Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountain dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears!
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame the crutch forgo,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age,

No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcyths ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurprize
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
On lifted rocks the dragons late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead!
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrims feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn:
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs,
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees and intermingled temples riſe?
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays,
Not more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel;
The rocks high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play;

Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent ſky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupenduous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face,
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
  Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil.
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cithæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.

The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand,
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſart woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glim'ring glades:
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes:
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the ſouth, a long majeſtic race
Of Ægypt's prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of gothic ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by poets ſung,

Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic fame increaſes all.

The temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And every-living lamps depend in rows,
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd and both is pinions bound.
Within ſtood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minerva's ſhone:
Cæſar, the world's great maſter and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;

And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuffering heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of ſpartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore.
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fame command,
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt:
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;

On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire;
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with the inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding-ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd the Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the ſapphic muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling loves and bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal tully ſhone,
The Roman roſtra deck'd the conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns,
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingl'd blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays,
When on the goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew
And ampler viſta's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told.
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;

With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle fortune, reigns,
And undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains,
Firſt at the ſhrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For fame is all we muſt expect below.
The goddeſs heard, and bade the muſes raiſe
The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd
(Said fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Preſer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenor of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful trump of ſlander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoak:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;

For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the queen reply'd and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mein.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame;
But ſafe in deſarts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.

And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath.
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th'ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.

Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure grant in fame.
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable and the scorn of all,
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore.
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,

Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew,
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travel'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lyes are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand wing'd wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;

And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lye;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal ere ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, found youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

O D E S.

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

I.

DEſcend, ye nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By muſic, minds, an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!

But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See ſhaddy forms advance!
Thy ſtone O Siſyphus ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroe's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Or take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love,
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm,
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her makers praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt; ſweet recreation;
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

The dying Chriſtian to his SOUL.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame:
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy ſting!

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

INtroduction. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.

That a true taſte is as rare to be found, as a true genius, ver. 9 to 18.

That moſt men are born with ſome taſte, but ſpoiled by falſe education, ver. 19 to 25.

The multitude of critics and cauſes of them, ver. 26 to 45.

That we are to ſtudy our own taſte, and know the Limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the beſt guide of judgment, ver. 67 to 87

Improv'd by art and rules, which are but methodis'd nature, ver, 88.

Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets, ver. id, to 110.

That therefore the ancients are neceſſary to be ſtudy'd by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 180.

Of Licenſes, and the uſe of them by the ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

Reverence due to the ancients, and praiſe of them, ver. 181. &c.

PART II. Ver. 203, etc.

Cauſes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288 Critics in wit, language, verſification, only, ver. 288, 305, 339, etc. 4. Being too hard to pleaſe, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—— too much love to a ſect,—to the antients or moderns ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or prevention, ver. 408. 7, Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconſtancy, ver. 430. 9. Party-ſpirit. ver. 552. etc. 10. Envy, ver, 466. Againſt envy and in praiſe of good nature, ver. 508. etc. When ſeverity is chiefly to be uſed by critics, ver 526, etc.

PART III. Ver. 460, etc.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic, 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modeſty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and freedom of advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's counſel is to be reſtrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible poet, ver. 600. And of an impertinent critic, ver. 610, etc, Character of a good critic, ver. 629. The hiſtory of criticiſm, and characters of the beſt critics, Ariſtotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dioniſius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the decay of criticiſm, and its revival. Eraſmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roſcommon, etc. ver. 725. Concluſion.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excell,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.

But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd;
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or can not write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for wits nor critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.

One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

Firſt follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides;
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe!
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The wing'd courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe rules of old diſcover'd, not deviſ'd,
Are nature ſtill, but nature methodiz'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;

Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then criticiſm the muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moth's e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plan, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, ſubject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muſe.

When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,

Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And, but from nature's fountain, ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive war, and all involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe:
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!
Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of every friend——and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ,
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low

That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call.
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight they ſay,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by heav'n" (he answers in a rage)
'Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build anew, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing not exact but nice
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets of sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish, thro' excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd;
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learn'd ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our granſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire!
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;

Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
In cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gentle blows
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhoar,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much,

At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence.
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new.
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality.
A conſtant critic at the great man's board
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my lord.
What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!

Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So ſchiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd,
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo,
Once ſchool-divines this zealous iſle o'er ſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read;
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in duck-lane.
If faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate,

Pride, malice, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd wit, like ſol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their father's failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd,
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated; and by knaves undone!
If wit ſo much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Tho' triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.

No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was liſted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what morals critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.

'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe,
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.

'Twere well might critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremenduous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrants in old tapeſtry,
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of these impenetently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'vn to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears,
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him most authors steals their works, or buy;
Garth did not write is own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
Nor fools rush in where angels fear to tread;
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excurtions makes;
But ratling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside
Burst out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modesty bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?

Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul extempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our critics, take a contrary extreme.
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tranſlations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inſpire,
And bleſs their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt:
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.

Thus long ſucceeding critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then ſuperſtition join'd,
As that the body, this inſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.

At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy vandals off the ſtage.

But ſee! each muſe, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's antient genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd muſes paſs'd

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd wits fundamental laws.
Such was the muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful muſe may give:
The muſe whoſe early voice you taught to ſing.
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend:
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

FINIS.

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15
63
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